Luella looked at the Duke with wide eyes. Then he moved a little nearer to her. Because she was nervous she said: "I . . I do not . . understand."

"Then let me explain," the Duke said. As he spoke he put his arms around her, holding her close, then his lips came down on hers.

For a moment Luella felt she must be dreaming and it could not be true. A feeling of ecstasy shot through her. As the Duke kissed her and went on kissing her she knew that he felt the same. He kissed her until the room seemed to whirl round them.

Then the door started to open and he took his arms from her, so quickly that she almost fell. The back of a chair saved her and she felt her breath coming quickly from between her lips. She was finding it hard to believe that her feet were still on the ground.

Hewitt crossed the room to the Duke. "A letter's just arrived for Your Grace from Windsor Castle."